

The Frances Shimer Record

October, 1927



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils and \$700,000 in other endowment. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO _____ dollars for the purposes of the Academy as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, within _____ months after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (there describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purpose specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the President concerning annuities.

* * * *

The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago. The Treasurer, President and Bookkeeper are under fidelity bonds.

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The Frances Shimer Record

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Autumn

A swirl of tinted leaves,
Red and gold,
Hiding brown hillsides, where
Waxen berries
Cluster like rubies in
Emerald wreaths.
A blue-grey sky pouring
Leaden rain,
A silver sunset, coral and
Purple-streaked,
Gleaming through the mists,
While over all
Spreads a softened haze,
The cloak of Autumn.

—Madalene Mosher, College '28.

Shimer's Autumn

Grey-black clouds with edges jagged,
Set in a leaden sky,
A wind that moans in tree-tops ragged,
And blows the clouds awry,
Till tiny streamers trail behind
Like smoke from a dying fire.

Cold rain that pours from a bursted cloud,
In a stream that never ends,
Hiding the sun in a leaden shroud;
Chill and gloom on all it sends,
For autumn days are stormy days,
When Shimer School begins.

—Madalene Mosher, College '28.

The Fiend

(An Inspired Poem)

Up she rose at early dawn
And put her lovely garments on.
Down the stairs she softly crept,
Knowing well all others slept.

In the East a pinkish light
Told her that gone was the night.
The greenish mist that lightly hung
Suggested songs as yet unsung.

The corn-stalks in fantastic ways
Seemed like ghosts of other days.
The glory of the lovely skies
Invited beauty-seeking eyes.

But our girl o'er campus runs,
And all this beauty grimly shuns.
Her fiendish eyes—they do not see.
She's hunting leaves for Botany!

—Madalene Mendelsohn, Academy '28.

Dream's-End

He stood there in the doorway, this nice, funny, kind, little old man.
His hair was as white as the cluds that sailed overhead, and his eyes were
blue with happy, crinkly lights in the corners. He smiled as though he
had a secret—a happy, eager, little secret—and so he had.

That very day, he had made three green elephants—one for Touseled
Tommy, one for tiny Sammy, and the other for Susan. They were all
coming—coming to hear about the green elephants—why they were green

and how they happened to have wrinkled skins. He would sit in his big, red leather chair, and Susan would ask with her soft, unfathomable, brown eyes, to be held close so that she might count the ticks and the tocks of his watch. Touseled Tommy would sit on the three-legged stool and look at the hawthorn tree and listen with his whole body. Sammy would sit on the arm of the chair and would presently go to sleep and slide down into the arm that was holding Susan. Sammy was just a tiny boy you see, and he loved green elephants, but he was always, oh, so sleepy.

Then the little old man would tell them that he made the elephants green because he remembered that they lived in jungles and places that were always very warm, and green was such a lovely cool color. He would tell them that the elephant's skins were wrinkled because once they left them on the beach while swimming, and the monkeys dumped bread-crumbs into the back and legs of their skins.

The little old man had been standing there in the doorway a long time. The clouds were all gone and the sun was almost in bed. His smile had chased itself away from the corners of his mouth. The lights forgot to shine in his blue eyes, and he looked tired and sad. What was the use of dreaming and watching? They would never come now. They were grown-up and gone—all but Susan, and Susan had gone to a place where green elephants and pink cats played at hide and seek and minded no one.

So the tired, sad little man turned away from dreams and went in and began to make rocking-horses and pop-guns.

—Hazel Voltmer, College '28.

A Flight over the Continental Divide

One rainy night in July I was sitting in the office at the Cheyenne air-mail drome. I had been teasing the pilots for a flight for several weeks, and was getting rather discouraged. I knew that taking passengers was against the rules, and I also knew that there had been heavy mail shipments of late. Just as I was thinking of going home, a pilot, let us call him "Jolly", came into the office from the radio-room and reported to the field-chief that North Platte had wired that there were only two sacks of west-bound mail. He then turned to me and said, "Do you think you could be ready for the Rock Springs run at four A. M.?"

I was so excited that I did not sleep much that night and was on the field at three-fifty. The sky had cleared about midnight, and the weather reports indicated a nice day ahead. The plane from the east landed at three-fifty-five right on time, and the mail was transferred into "Jolly's" plane with the aid of huge flood-lights. His plane was of the old type and the control cock-pit could be made large enough for two, and so I clambered in after Jolly and buckled my belt around me just as the grease-monkeys finished the usual rigmarole of "propeller up and contact". We taxied out to the runway, Jolly pulled back on the stick, and we were off.

We circled over the field in order to get air speed, for we had to climb to a height of nine thousand feet to cross the divide, and then we nosed straight west flying over the Union Pacific Railroad, which was now only a series of red and green section lights. We struck our first beacon light at Granite Canyon and there we left the railroad. For the first time, we could see nothing but inky blackness about us, not a sign of a light, except of course our tiny one on the instrument board. However, those blinking beacon lights, spaced twenty-five miles apart, gave us a curious sense of safety.

The east began to grow light, just as we, guided by the Sherman Hill beacon, passed over the top of the divide. Then I remembered having read that this beacon light is the highest guide in the world to airmen, and I thought of that lonely couple who live there all year-round, thirty miles from any sort of a road, receiving only the small sum of twelve hundred dollars a year. The grease-monkeys told me that in winter the keepers are snowed in for months at a time. We blinked our lights on the wing tips twice to signal to them that all was well. We kept our altitude after crossing the divide and all of a sudden we passed through a cloud and came on the fertile valley of the Laramie about four thousand feet below us. The ground seemed actually to fall away as we went over the last range. I experienced my first real air bumps as we flew over this valley. The air over rivers and forests and other cool places has a downward tendency but the air over sunny plains rises upward. Thus the air over this valley is like the gulf stream off the coast of Florida.

Leaving Laramie we lost altitude and flew quite close to the ground, for, as Jolly explained, this was prairie dog country and he liked to make the little fellows run. By this time, as it was getting warm and we were falling behind schedule, Jolly gained altitude to cross the Medicine Bow Range, and opened the throttle wide until the air speed-meter indicated one hundred and ten miles per hour. We flew over Medicine Bow, one of the first frontier towns, and then on to Fort Steele, the old Union Pacific construction camp. At Parco, an oil town, we circled low over the emergency field and dropped a special sack of replacement parts for the refining company. After we left Rawlins, the country is very desolate-looking, nothing but sage-brush and cactus and not a ranch-house to be seen. At Point of Rocks we followed the Union Pacific again and passed up the west-bound limited like a shot. In a few minutes we were circling over the drome, three miles north of Rock Springs, and my flight was over. I was tired, but happy, for I had realized my ambition.

—Betty Fries, College '29.

Extract from Sara Porter's Diary

June 13, 1950.

So glad to be back at Shimer. Ideal commencement day!!! Crowds here!!!

Frances Shimer Band met Alumnae at train. Exercises held in new stadium located where Pinnaz Creek ran through golf course. So many

gorgeous new buildings. New gym, just completed; chapel is not quite finished, and is to be rather Greekish in architecture. The bridle paths along edge of campus add a great deal to the effect. Mr. and Mrs. McKee each gave dedicatory speeches. Talked to Miss Pollard for a few moments; her hair is very becoming bobbed. Miss Schuster appears to be still mourning the loss of part of the golf course due to the erection of new stadium.

Saw only a glimpse of Miss Morrison—had just arrived in time for commencement from a trip to Freeport. She has a new yellow Stutz roadster. Miss Emerson has finally instituted riflery as part of the curriculum, and is keen about her collection of guns. Miss Darrow donated cushions for the new chapel and has cut-glass tumblers placed in the dining room. Met Casey; said she came out on the train with Miss Burtis and Miss Allyn, who are working together in a theatre in Boston under the direction of Felix Mendelsohn.

Mrs. Sweatt was serving tea in the reception room of the new library. —Saw Miss Wallace and Miss Peters there. Miss Wallace is thrilled over new organ in chapel. Miss Peters is so happy in having all of Science Hall for her special work.

Miss Hostetter has caused darling twin beds and individual desks to be placed in all the rooms. I wish they had had those when I was here, but then "little Sara" is enjoying them now. Saw Ruth Peterson—hardly knew her—her hair is so grey. Ruth Mearns is dancing instructor here—so I gather.—So glad to see her again. "Hefty" is Mrs. Sweatt's assistant and makes an ideal nurse. Saw Baker—found out she and Kirby designed the Stadium. Heard M'liss Snyder and Mona Larson were starring in a Chicago production. Looked all over for Miss Parker and found her entertaining the former Miss Wardwell's son. Can't realize this is the same place—it sort of makes me feel funny.

—Katherine Wasson, College '28.

By the End of His Wrath

Thirty years ago I was a young and adventurous son of a doting father. Nothing pleased me better than to wander about the muggy forests of Italy with only Tony, my dog, for company. Our tiny village, Crillion, which was named for my father's family, the noble De Crillions of Italy, looked particularly charming to me the morning I set out on my tramp. A rising sun had gilded the murky, misty clouds until they seemed like golden fish in a blue sky. The vine-covered, thatched cottages in the valley looked like painted houses on a canvas, but the white cross topping the cathedral stood out friendly and gleaming. It was the last thing I saw as I entered the damp forests and trod the "sleezy" enchanted paths.

I had often heard of the Castle of Grey Walls, but had rather considered it a bit of the Poe-like imagination of my superstitious countrymen. The owner of Grey Walls was said to be a man of science who had become insane because of intense work and gruesome surroundings. He

was obsessed by the idea that he could give back life to a dead man. Several unwary travelers wandering about his ravines had disappeared, but at the inquests the Lord of Grey Walls had seemed so suave and calm and had such perfect alibis that nothing could be done.

I came upon Grey Walls in the lavender dusk. The castle stood in a hollow and behind rose the volcano, Mount Terror. The towers and turrets of the fortress stretched out like the winding tentacles of an octopus, and, like the eyes of that animal, stared the blank windows, unblinking.

The iron gate creaked forbiddingly as it swung open at the touch of my foot. In an effort to be courageous, I whistled an air from the latest opera and was comforted by the soft "tap, tap" of Tony's feet on the flag stones. I pulled the corroded copper knocker and the echo came back, dully resounding.

As the door opened, I nervously peered in. A blue faced man stood there. Haggard and gaunt, like a man in a dream he appeared. Only his eyes were awake—evilily glittering and his red lips drew a sucking breath.

As Tony growled, I spoke: "Sir, I am Ramon De Chillion. While tramping through the woods, I saw your castle, and, wondered whether or not you would give me rest for the night. It is a long way to the village."

The man spoke with a soft flowing accent: "Enter, if you wish."

I went into the hall. Tony at my heels whined softly. The man motioned me to a seat, and after he had shoved the candle onto a table, left me, disappearing through a massive door. The dank walls and stone floor were green with mold, but the furnishings were magnificent.

On one wall was an ancient Ventian mirror. Opposite was hung a huge tapestry portraying the courtship of one of the early emperors; beneath this stood a delicately carved table on which was the candle in the copper holder.

I had moved over to examine a painting, apparently a Velasquez, when Tony gave a frenzied yelp. I whirled and saw in the mirror a slim blue-veined hand reaching through a slit of tapestry, for the candle. The room was dashed into darkness.

Tony slunk against my legs and I cursed the folly that had persuaded me to venture near this castle. I felt along the walls until I reached the door. I tugged and pulled but it withstood all my struggling efforts. I decided I could do nothing and calmed myself. It was then I first noticed the gaseous taint in the air. I remembered the rumors that had passed through the villages concerning the volcanic mountain that rose behind Grey Walls. I could not be mistaken. No other gases had that odor, nor were they able to permeate walls of stone as this apparently had.

Mount Terror had awakened! All fear of the Lord of Grey Walls had vanished and I pounded the massive portals, calling his name. Just once I thought I heard his wild shrieking laugh—and then came the crash.

Boulders fell, and stones rolled and crashed with sickening thuds. The winds wailed while thunder, like horses' hoofs on an iron bridge, accompanied bright flashes of lightning that I could see through the tiny window.

Tony growled miserably and I could see his dog eyes grow human with fear for me, his master. As the cypress door was broken open by the fierce impact of wind and rain, I lost consciousness.

When morning came, I found myself lying on the road to which Tony had dragged me. He lay stretched beside me and with his eyes beseeched me to say a commending word to him. I absently patted his head, while I looked with unbelieving eyes at the desolation that lay before me. The castle had crumbled and fallen, but the volcano smoked peacefully in the morning sunlight.

With slow steps I turned my back on the scene of destruction and began my journey home. I later told my tale to unbelieving villagers, but at times I have even doubted it myself.

Pamela Meeker, Academy '28.

An Interview with Miss Thoreen

I was waiting to see Miss Morrison the other day, when the Literary Editor walked up to me, smiled that knowing smile, and said, "I hear you are interested in writing. Didn't you promise us an interview for the Record? I'll expect your article by Wednesday." With that and no more she walked away. I gazed after her, dumbfounded, until some one pushed me into the office.

I secured the names of some people who had had an enjoyable summer, and decided that Miss Thoreen would be my subject. Miss Thoreen accompanied a European party conducted by a University Professor. In this company were several small groups including Schools of Foreign Travel, History, and Art; "Men's Roughing It" Tour, Women's Economy Tour, a German group and two French groups. The party set sail from Brooklyn and, after nine days of classes on shipboard, landed at Cherbourg.

Paris was chosen as the rendezvous, and here the groups separated and went their respective ways. Miss Thoreen's group, one of the French groups, headed straight north to Boulonge sur Mer, the situation of the University of Lille. Registration in a course in French followed. The classes were composed of Germans, Russians, Englishmen, and Americans. In order to train the students for different accents, a different professor took charge each day and the variety of accents proved very amusing to the members of the classes. Trips to subjects of study were arranged, and naturally Napoleon's tomb was frequently visited.

In order to make the summer enjoyable, as well as educational, week-end jaunts to surrounding points of interest were planned. These included trips to Brussels, Chartres, Bern, and Loch Lomond. At Brussels, the town hall was the main attraction. This is typically fifteenth

century architecture with beautiful hand carvings on the front of the building. Here also is the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, which calls forth the respect of all who pass by.

Another week-end was spent at Chartres, just two hours' drive from Paris. Here was an old church, famous for its rose windows. The Cathedral was of great interest on account of the fact that the pieces of glass in the windows were put together entirely by hand.

Later on in the summer, the party spent five days at Bern, Switzerland. Bern is famous for its abundance of wood, and everywhere are wooden peasant houses, beautifully hand carved near the caves. Adjoining Bern was Interlaken which could be reached by boat. This picturesque spot is the scene of the manufacture of milk chocolate. Here the people win favor by their friendliness to tourists and by cleanliness in their work.

At the close of School, the groups again met and set sail for home. The entire summer was not to be easily forgotten. Summer School—how different from ours!

—Evelyn Le Munyon, College '29.

The Tempest

An old Norwegian Sea Captain and I sat on an antiquated wharf along the coast of Cape Cod. We were both looking out into the deep. I was thinking of the glorious future that that great expanse of blue had in store for me; I hoped that I would some day cross it; but he was looking back into the past of his days and years at sea. We were both silent. Suddenly his memory hit upon an incident that seemed to thrill him and he immediately proceeded to relate it to me.

It was his first real trip in the deep seas. Olie had been on many small fishing trips; but he had never been more than a hundred miles from the shore. A few minutes before starting time, he was strutting up and down the wharf pretending he was ship-captain and owner, all in one, instead of being a humble little cabin boy. Up in the captain's cabin the two whom he was imitating were bending over reports and charts. The conversation between them had changed from a discussion of weather conditions to a heated argument.

"I tell you," stormed the Captain, "it is murder for this ship to set sail. The path of that storm is right across our course and this ship is not any too strong."

The merchant beat his fist on the desk and retorted, "I can not help it if it is murder. That cargo must be in Liverpool on scheduled time. If it is not, I am ruined. While you are in my employ, you must obey my orders, and I command you to go."

The ship sailed out of port at the usual time but the departure was none too cheerful. The skies were dull gray, the waves were rising steadily, and the ship was old.

Night crept over the sea. The wind blew harder. The waves increased in size. The rain fell in torrents. The sailors who were not on

duty were huddled together in the cabin below. All of a sudden the "Look-Out" blew into the cabin stating that he was utterly exhausted and that he had struggled with the storm as long as he could. The Captain then asked for volunteers to go out in the place of the "Look-Out", but no one had the courage to respond. At last the little cabin boy volunteered. Although the sailors hated the thought of his going out to be the victim for the seas, none of them had courage enough to venture out.

One reads of the valor of mariners, but they also have the instinct of self-preservation well imbedded in their souls, and it is difficult sometimes to overwhelm it. Olie insisted upon going—in fact, he saw here an opportunity to distinguish himself.

He donned the "Look-Out's" oil skin and went out into the gale. Battling with wind and water, he groped his way along until he found his station of watch. He peered out into the night trying to sight anything that might mean destruction to the ship. In the meantime the waves dashed across the deck and would have dragged him into their tempest if he had not tightly grasped the railing. Suddenly a great flood of water covered him. He felt the railing breaking away and himself being carried off by the torrent. When the sea was slightly calmed, he found himself about two hundred yards from the ship on the top of a capsized life-boat. First he righted the boat and then tried to find an oar but that was in vain. He tried every imaginable way in order to get back to the ship. At last he realized that was an impossibility. Then he let out one awful cry—such a cry as he has never been able to repeat. It roused the men in the cabin and immediately they were all out on deck, braving the storm and trying to rescue him.

Their first move was to pour oil on the seas so as to calm the waves and whiten the water. Finally they sighted him and slung him a rope, and Olie was soon in the cabin beside a warm fire.

The old Norwegian was always very proud of this adventure and he claimed that it was this incident which truly initiated him into maritime life.

—Gladys Stevens, College '29.

The Love of Romeo and Juliet

"Love, where is thy sting?" Of course that saying is slightly misquoted, but the meaning is the same in any event. "The course of true love never did run smooth" is one of those sayings which has gained a great deal of popularity in the world. So we have a play, Romeo and Juliet, to illustrate both of these quotations. Let us further explain our position.

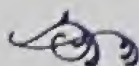
This play is either a silly, overdone, sentimental comic tragedy; or an idealistic, high minded, romantic tragedy. It all depends on the outlook of the individual as to which verdict is chosen. Now, with the former idea in mind, one could write a really clever satire, except that writing satires has been profusely overdone. So it remains for me to explain the latter idea as I see it.

Now the greater part of humanity is idealistic in theory, if not in practice. Romeo is the ideal, the Prince Charming of all times. Many a woman has sighed in vain for a second Romeo, who would sweep her off her feet in the impassioned frenzy of a poetic soul. It is not stability, rationalism, and conservatism that most women desire in their ideal men, but a Romeo who will love with his whole being, while he does love.

No, and we must not pass Juliet. Possibly she is not held before our eyes quite as much as her lover; but that is because our egotistical male population fails to tell everything it knows, as does the other part of the population. So we realize that they too have their dreams, and must take a great delight in this femininely dainty, graceful and witty creature whom we know as the famous Juliet.

The ending—of tragedy? Why, how could it end in any other way? If the two lovers had not died, their love would have, of necessity, come down from the clouds and entered the maelstrom of sordidly uneventful married life. The play would have been a disappointment. But now we can think of them as two souls made into one by the beautiful harmony of their deep and true love.

—Gwendolyn Bissell, College '28.





Homesickness

The editorial section is the Voice of the People. Ye editor is a monitor of prodigious accuracy. Yet there are times when he errs. This may be an instance. As we write this, our subject is the cry of the hour; but when we go to press it may have been thrown into the discard and the mad, swirling, changing multitude—the People—will have found another interest. We can only hope that the subject will not have reached a state of satiety, for when this point is reached, the People will not listen; they decry their monitor.

Our subject is homesickness, and the monitor is to say what the People think on this subject. All have experienced it. It comes without bidding and without warning. It is not tangible. It creeps upon one stealthily. It is a sensation. It is an all-powerful sensation. It evades control. It is an encroacher upon human frailties. It makes itself master of the mind and from this, its headquarters, it holds dominion over the heart and eyes. It disperses its helpers—vague qualms, and quavers—promiscuously. It controls the lachrymal apparatus and the contracting muscles of the heart. Its life blood flows in the form of letters from home, low grades, and reserved roommates. Its death is friendships. What is homesickness?

Is it You?

In every occupation in life there are two courses of action—the good and the indifferent. The laborer who is interested in his work is the man who is giving the most to that work. The play producer is willing to sacrifice his own wishes to those of the star in order that the play may live. The manufacturer will cooperate with his workmen for the good

of the whole. No activity can exist without the stimulus of individual interest. No effort would be made for a higher degree of productivity if there were not those who wanted that one activity to be of value to the world. But it must be more than the promoter, more than the president, more than the efficiency manager who has that activity so at heart. It must also be the laborer.

It is the same in the educational world. There are hundreds of educators, men and women who have chosen the advancement of modern schooling as their life work. But fully as important is the pupil who is interested—the laborer who knows that his work is the best.

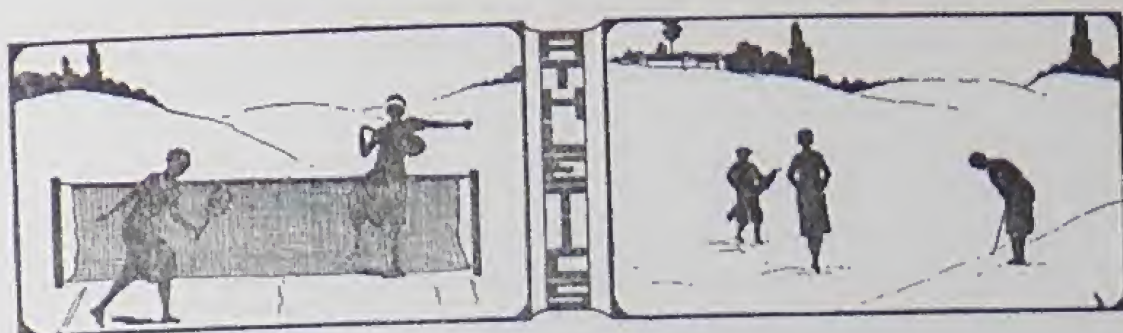
Fortunately, most boys and girls enter college because they want to. They come for book lore, for social life, for athletics, for advancement. Quite obviously when they come they are interested. But the campus life is new to them; many of them find adjustment hard; they have only one way to learn to live the school life. And that one way is by observing and imitating the girls who have been in the school before.

Often the new girl is sorely puzzled. She hears the Academy Senior wish she were home never to see the place again. She sees the College Sophomore breaking rules of the school. In the name of good fellowship she agrees with them both. They are old girls; they know. She follows them. In following she forfeits her interest in the school. She may still be alert in the classroom or on the hockey field, but she has thrown away the greatest gift she has to give—that of interest, of cooperation, of service to the school which is offering her its best.

An evil exists; therefore its remedy exists. We can reach this remedy easily. It is within the power of the old girls to keep the new girls interested.

They look to the girl who is experienced in the ways of the school. Whether they are looking for examples of those who commit peccadilloes or of those who have true sportsmanship, they will follow what they find. The next step evolves naturally enough. They should find, as they look to the old girls, all those qualities which help to make a better school. They should find examples, of course, of sterling character and splendid minds, but they must find, too, a deep interest in the school, a desire to give back, in the form of response and cooperation, all that the school gives out. This is necessary in order that the school may live.

Upon whom does this responsibility depend? On the old girl alone. Juniors! Seniors! College Sophomores! It is you who set the pace. It is you who decide whether rules shall be obeyed or disregarded. It is you who say whether studies are to be mastered or bluffed. It is you who say whether Frances Shimer shall be its best this year or not. No school is better than its highest form. On you, rests the responsibility of making your school an organization in which the laborers cooperate for the success of the whole.



Athletic Report

The Athletic Association has had several meetings thus far, and they have elected a very capable cabinet for the coming year.

The gym classes in hockey and golf have very large enrollments and, if quantity as well as quality have effect on the Thanksgiving hockey game, there surely should be a good one. The experienced players are playing better than ever, and the new ones are learning fast. Time will tell who will win.

The Cabinet is as follows:

President—Ruth Petersen.

V. President—Sarah Porter.

Secretary—Helen Porterfield.

Treasurer—Emily Reed.

Head of Hockey—Katherine Wasson.

Head of Basket ball—Madalene Mosher.

Head of Tennis—Madeline Mendelsohn.

Head of Soccer—Arlene Tolen.

Head of Volley ball—Evelyn Robinson.

Head of Dancing—Betty Kennedy.

Head of Golf—Eleanor Stromer.

Head of Hiking—Jean Hinman.

Recorder of Points—Catherine Best.

College Cheer Leader—Ruth Joseph.

Cheer Assistants— { Evelyn Le Munyon
 { Josephine Marshall

Academy Cheer Leader—Virginia Williams.

Cheer Assistants— { Mona Larson
 { Marion Miller



Recital of Forrest Lamont

The appearance of Forrest Lamont, tenor, Tuesday evening, opened the season's course of artist recitals at Frances Shimer. Mr. Lamont's long association with the Chicago Civic Opera Company in prominent roles, has given him widespread recognition as an artist, and consequently much was expected of him. That he is essentially an operatic singer

rather than a recitalist, was demonstrated in his work Tuesday evening. For a powerfully dramatic voice, resonant and brilliant such as his, the capacity of Metcalf Hall was much too limited a space. One wished to be transported to the Chicago Auditorium or to the Coliseum. His program was generous, containing five groups and including three arias. And it is in this field of operatic arias with their bravura demands that he is at his best, his big fresh tones pouring forth with ease and resonance.

Lacking of lyric quality, his voice and style are not so well adapted to the more quiet moods. Hence Campbell-Tipton's lovely "Silent Night", and Donandy's velvety "O del mio amato ben", suffered too much tone, lack of restraint, and subtlety.

No criticism, however, could be made on his rendition of Rossini's rollicking "Tarantella", that showy example of the "patter" song, or his clearness of diction which was quite exceptional. His easy stage presence and informal manner put him on a friendly footing with his audience, he responding most generously to their insistent demands for encores.

Isaac Van Grove at the piano is an assurance of that share of the program being in competent hands. He played some very difficult accompaniments most skillfully and with a sympathetic understanding, lending a colorful background to the soloist.—Mirror-Democrat.

Y. W. C. A.

Every girl on campus is invited to become a member of the Y. W. C. A. at Frances Shimer. This year's officers for Y. W. C. A. are as follows: President, Genevieve Ferris; Vice-President, Bernice Defenbaugh; Secretary, Helen Porterfield; Treasurer, Katherine Beardsley; Program Committee, Carol Badger; Social Committee, Hazel Voltmer; Foreign Committee, Babette Lemon; Social Service, Thyria Hughart.

The first Thursday found Y. W. C. A. conducting its meeting in the Lounge. The subject was "What is the New Year going to mean to me?" There were four different views of the subject given, each by a different girl. "Socially", was discussed by Virginia Campbell; "Friendship", by Ruth Simmons; "Educationally", Rosalind Smith; "Spiritually", Carol Badger.

"Loyalty to our Ideals", was the subject for our second meeting which Hazel Voltmer conducted.

Thyria Hughart lead the third meeting discussing "My Trials and Tribulations".

Our last meeting up to date was led by Dorothy Sayers whose subject was "Should I do as everyone else does?" Those present received quite a pleasant surprise both from the talk, and from coffee and nuts which were served. So far Y. W. leaders have received very good co-operation from the girls, and the coming leaders are planning on further aid from everyone.

Organization of Student Government

On the evening of October the third, a meeting of all college girls







was held in West Hall Lounge for the purpose of electing Members to the Student Council.

The following girls were elected:

President—Bernice Edwards.

First Vice-President—George Ann Sanders.

Second Vice-President—Winnifred Rannals.

Secretary—Kathryn Terry.

Treasurer—Dorothy Sayer.

With these girls as the council, student government promises to be a success at F. S. S. this semester.

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club

The Green Curtain Dramatic Club has again been organized. The first meeting was held September 29, and officers were elected as follows: President, Madalene Mosher; Vice President, Frances Shaner; Secretary, Helen Reber; Treasurer, Katherine Wasson.

On account the fact that Reine Baker and Gwen Bissell were such a help to the Dramatic Club last year, they were accepted as members of the club.

The first tryout was held October 8, and the second was October 10. From thirty contestants, the following were chosen as members: Cherrie Jaeke, Jeannette Lloyd, Beth Cahn, Betty Lourie, Dorsel Jaeke, Beulah Long, Madelaine Mendelsohn, Janet Tippery, Thyria Hughart, Mona Larsen, Sarah Porter, Catherine MacKecknia, Margaret Brown, Catherine Best, Barbara Clark, Bernis Larson, M'Lisse Snyder.

From Wednesday to Monday each pledge was assigned to a member of the club, and told to obey her.

On Monday, October 17, informal initiation was held in College Hall. All the pledges went through a stiff hazing, which was accompanied by many screams and yells. The formal initiation will be held in the Dramatic Club Room, October 27.

—Helen Reber.

Clubs

Saturday evening, October 1, was given over to the organization of the Clubs. This year there is almost as great a variety of clubs as there were last year but membership to any one Club is not compulsory. It is believed that a great benefit will be derived from them under this method and that the Clubs themselves will have greater success. For the girls who remain unorganized various games have been provided in the Lounge and, if they choose, they can stay in their rooms. It is hoped that, on these Saturday evenings, each girl will enjoy herself and yet derive some benefit.

The Sewing Club

The Sewing Club met the first time for the purpose of organization. Miss Fortna is sponsoring the club this year. The officers elected were:

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President, Bernice Defenbaugh; Vice-President, Marion Tallman; Secretary, Mary Elizabeth Hageman; and Treasurer, Edna Salmen.

The Poetry Club

The Poetry Club reorganized Saturday evening, October 1. Miss Pollard is sponsoring the Club again this year and all the members are looking forward with keen interest to this year's meetings.

The Current Fiction Club

At the first meeting of the Current Fiction Club, the officers for this year were elected. Margaret Pullen was chosen President; Ann Finley, Vice-President; and Marion Munro, Secretary-Treasurer. Irma Steiner, Virginia Ellis, and Helen Flexner were chosen to take charge of the next meeting.

Who's Who Party

The annual "Who's Who Party" was given by the Y. W. C. A. on the first Saturday night of the school year, September 17, in College Hall. The event was a gala one. Each old girl had as her guest a new girl. The faculty formed the receiving line in the ballroom and Genevieve Ferris had the pleasure of introducing the newcomers to President McKee, who in turn introduced them to Mrs. McKee, and so on down the line of the old and new instructors. When all had become acquainted with the faculty, the pleasing process of meeting our new schoolmates began.

Following a traditional game of the Y. W., the girls formed in groups representing their states and after due time gave a stunt. The Illinois group gave the most clever selection and to them was awarded a large toy, "Felix the Cat". Irene Black and Peggy Pullen entertained with several song selections. Cherrie Jaeke, accompanied by Dorsel Jaeke, played a beautiful violin selection.

Punch and cookies were served as refreshments; and I am sure everyone enjoyed them immensely; at least, they all disappeared.

Now we have met the people who are to frequent our campus this year and our next duty is to associate the right names with the right faces, a thing which I fear few people did on Saturday night.

A. A. Bonfire

Dancing shadows and glowing flames and joyous laughter as youthful figures dart to and fro in the half-dim, half-bright light of the bonfire, music gayly strummed on a "uke" with a chorus of carefree voices—the "weenie" roast sponsored by the Athletic Association on the evening of September twenty-fourth.

Girls sat about on blankets or walked from group to group, consuming unbelievable quantities of "weenies", buns, and marshmallows—regardless of the fact that they were usually burned to a crisp.

As the fire gave a last tired yawn and finally retired into oblivion, the girls went to their rooms, tired but happy after the informal get-together they had enjoyed so much.

Movies

On Thursday night, September 15, we had our first movie, Mary Pickford in "Sparrows". The audience was very sympathetic, and showed much concern regarding the fate of Mary and all her little "Sparrows". Excitement reached a high pitch during their journey across the dangerous swamp, with its filth and its alligators, and all were relieved when the proverbial happy ending came.

For our second movie, on October 8, we had Charles Ray in "The Fire Brigade". The theme was, for the most part, tragic. It concerned the sacrifice a mother made by giving two of her three sons for the sake of humanity. However, we laughed too, at Charlie's antics, and May McAvoy made an adorable heroine.

The picture made us realize how unscrupulous businessmen, craving wealth, can be. They would go to the extent of building an unsafe orphanage, risking the lives of hundreds of little children, to make a huge profit on the construction. The picture was very long, but interesting.

Saturday Night Activities

Saturday evening, Oct. 15, was class night, and all of the various classes did something or went somewhere together. The College Sophomore class had a delicious chicken dinner at Katie's, and then came back to McKee Hall and played bridge for the rest of the evening. Everyone had a wonderful time, and the dinner was one that we will not soon forget. The College Freshman class had a party in West Hall Lounge and played bridge, after which refreshments were served. The Academy Senior class played bridge and danced in College Hall, and had light refreshments there. The Academy Freshmen and Sophomores popped corn in Hathaway Parlor. Class night always is a great event at Frances Shimer, as it gives an opportunity to become better acquainted with one's classmates. Everyone had a very enjoyable evening, and this year's class night was one of the most successful that we have ever had.

Vespers

Sept. 18.

Dr. Charles Holman of the University of Chicago was the speaker of the evening.

Sept. 25.

Mrs. McKee gave a resume of the life history of Mrs. Shimer and of the founding of our "Alma Mater". It was very interesting and brought us in closer touch with the school.

Oct. 2.

Vesper service was led by the Y. W. C. A. Each member of the cabinet gave a short talk, explaining the object and duty of her particular phase of the work.

Oct. 9.

Miss Emerson had charge of Vespers. The subject of her talk was "Thomas Jefferson as a Scientific Farmer". She brought to mind the

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fact that, though we think of Thomas Jefferson as a great statesman, we have never thought of him as founder of scientific cultivation.

Oct. 16.

Sunday evening, October 16, President McKee presided over Vespers. For his topic he chose "The Abundant Life" and he presented the subject in a very interesting manner impressing on our minds the desirability to live an abundant life—not mere existence. We all enjoyed his talk and hope to take advantage of his advice and profit by it.

College Sophomore Notes

The College Sophomore class met during the second week of school for the election of officers. Virginia Campbell was elected president; Genevieve Ferris, vice president; Ruth Simmons, secretary; and Babette Lemon, treasurer. We consider ourselves fortunate in having Miss Pollard for our class counselor.

Freshman College Class Notes

A few days after the opening of school the Freshmen congregated in College Hall to organize. Their first step was to choose the class officers and the result of the ballots was: President, Carol Badger; Vice-President, Margaret Munger; Secretary, Helen Porterfield; and Treasurer, Katherine Best. Under the direction of those mentioned above, the proceeded to accomplish other necessary business. Miss Parker was chosen class counselor. Next they prepared themselves to meet the demands with which the ruthless Sophomores burdened them during Frosh Week. Now since those hectic days have passed one can justly say that the Freshman Class withstood their afflictions very well and that the whole class has a promising future.

Academy Class Notes

Miss Hostetter has graciously consented to be the Senior Class counselor. At the first meeting the following officers were elected: President, Margret Shoemaker; Vice-President, Helen Reber; Secretary, Emily Reed; and Treasurer, Madelaine Mendelsohn. We are looking forward to a very successful year with Miss Hostetter as our sponser and "Markie" as our president.

Junior Class Notes

The Junior Class of 1927 has so far been very active. The first meeting was dedicated to the selecting of sponser and the electing of officers which were chosen as follows: Sponser, Miss Spurgin; President, Annette Kirby; Vice-President, Marion Miller; Secretary, Irene Black; Assistant Secretary, Peggy Pullen, and Treasurer, Mona Larson. There were several meetings concerning the annual Junior prom and many plans are being made for this event and its success.

This year the Junior Class is composed of twenty-three girls, who with the aid of Miss Spurgin, are going to try to do their best toward making this one of the best classes represented in the school.

Academy Sophomore Report

We, the Sophomore class, held our first meeting in Ione Caddick's room September twenty-eighth for the purpose of selecting our counselor for this year. Miss Burnton was unanimously elected, and she very kindly accepted. Our next meeting was held September twenty-ninth to elect officers. With Ione Caddick as president, Gertrude Best as vice-president, Isabel Thompson as secretary-treasurer, and our new counselor, we hope to make this year's sophomore class one that will be worth remembering.

Academy Freshman Class

Eleven girls met in room 35 West Hall, on Friday, September 30, for the first Freshman meeting of the year. The class officers were elected: Eleanor Harris, President; Myra Joffe, Vice-President, and Margaret Allen, secretary and treasurer. Miss Baxter has consented to be our counselor.

We are hoping that the Freshman Class will be a huge success this year. By the encouraging prospects, we are led to believe that this Class will be one of the best that has ever entered the gates of Frances Shimer.

The Freshman Class was entertained at Tea, Saturday, October 8, from 3:30 P. M. to 5:00 P. M. at Sawyer House. Delicious refreshments were served by our hostess, Mrs. McKee.

The Freshmen gave a Tea, Monday afternoon in honor of the Sophomores. Refreshments were served by the hostesses, Eleanor Harris, Frances Lummis, and Margaret Allen.

Frosh Week

This year Frosh Week was carried on in a slightly different manner from the preceding years. Observing, of course, all the old traditions, the competent Rules Committee tried to alter in some way the spirit in which "froshing" is carried on. Accordingly they made the rules to require less manual and disagreeable labor and more clever and original stunts. They also decided to concentrate the activity into a period of two days only, instead of the usual three, and thus prevent the tendency to drag out the proceedings and also keep up the interest of the participants until the end.

Sunday night, October second, the freshmen received their rules and instructions, after which there followed great confusion in all the halls by a mad rush to secure the required articles of jewelry. However, the "Sophs" were benevolent and generously lent all their trinkets.

Monday morning at 6:30 the Campus was teeming with life—green, scared life. First, the "Sophs" checked over the "Frosh" to see that each had the necessary paraphernalia. Skirts had to be above the knees, bloomers below, unmatched hose and shoes, middies on backwards, sashes over them, a black tie for a sling, an ear-ring on one ear, a brass curtain ring on the other, five bracelets, three strings of beads, a ring on

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every finger, green painted caps, tied securely, with straight hair behind ears and, lastly, no cosmetics, except a generous coating of cold cream. Each carried a waste-paper basket filled with books, and a jumping rope, and wore a safety pin as a frat pin.

All "Frosh" were then lined up while talented Sophomores skillfully made them up with black rings about the eyes and "gobs" of rouge and lipstick in every place but the correct one. The result was some seventy-odd perfectly hideous clowns.

After they had "buttoned" and walked and run around "Quad", they were taken over to the Library steps where quantities of small, round peas were scattered at random. Amazement spread over the faces of the innocent "frosh" when they learned that they were to get down on their hands and knees and pick them up, *one by one*. The "Sophs" took great delight in personally supervising this operation. After they had collected several thousand peas, it was time for breakfast. The freshmen, lined up on either side of the walk, buttoned, and chanted the names of the faculty in alphabetical order, while the Faculty member and sophomores passed thru in state to breakfast.

Breakfast, as were all the meals for the ensuing two days, was a trying ordeal for the freshies. Compelled to eat with knives in their left hands, they did not have very big appetites.

Monday passed slowly for the buttoning "frosh". Study hall was held on the Library steps with Reine Baker and "Bill" Edwards in charge. All "frosh" were kept busy thruout the day reporting to and working for their sophomores whom they address as Miss—— showing their profound respect for their torturers. Monday afternoon they were taken over to the Gym on a mysterious adventure. First, they were blindfolded and then, in their bare feet, were pulled and sometimes dragged thru newspapers generously soaked with sticky molasses, and many and loud were the wails of woe and distress. From three to five the freshmen gave an entertainment for the Sophomores in Chapel. The Sophs spent an amusing afternoon and were very much pleased with the production as a whole. Undoubtedly, the Freshman Class has talented members.

Tuesday morning breakfast was a treat to everyone for the "frosh" came in formals and sport hose and oxfords and, of course, their green caps. All day long, "Button Frosh" was a favorite and familiar salutation. By evening they were a sorry looking sight. Stiff legged and weary eyed they hobbled around, consoling one another and doctoring up one another's raw, bruised knees. Two days had completely exhausted them, but they had been fine sports.

Wednesday evening the Freshmen gave a lovely Spread for the Sophomores from 9:00 to 0:30, and the Sophomore in turn gave one for the Freshmen Thursday night. At both these Spreads both classes mingled as equals once more.

After the two days of Frosh Week we all seemed better acquainted, as we had come in closer and more intimate contact with one another. The band of good fellowship had been firmly established. May it continue throughout the year!

Obituary

GEORGE D. CAMPBELL

Since the last issue of The RECORD the School has lost its Treasurer. Mr. George D. Campbell was elected to this position in 1901 and served continuously until his death in June, 1927.

Mr. Campbell was a great source of strength to the School as a member of the Board of Trustees and as a friend and counselor. In days when the School was struggling to make ends meet, its credit was always good at the Carroll County Bank, of which he was the President. His name was among the first in order and amount when funds were to be secured for buildings and endowment. A life-long resident of Mount Carroll, his influence was wide in the community and always on the side of progress.

MRS. ISABEL DEARBORN HAZZEN

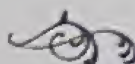
On Friday evening, September twenty-third, Mrs. Isabel Dearborn Hazen, so well known and beloved by Frances Shimer students of a generation ago, passed away at her home in Lynn, Massachusetts.

Isabel Dearborn was born in Deerfield, New Hampshire, September 1, 1845. She was one of several daughters of a fine old New English family. Gifted by nature, and educated in the best schools of the East, she began in 1872 her work as head of the department of Music in Mt. Carroll Seminary, a position she held for twenty-seven years.

The remarkable development and prosperity of the department under her direction was due in part to the demand for musical training, but in a much larger measure to her gifts as a musician and as a teacher. Hundreds of her pupils scattered through the West today owe to her teaching not only their technical accomplishments, but also a richer and full appreciation of the art her teaching aroused.

In 1877 Miss Dearborn was married to Mr. Henry Wilmarth Hazzen, also a native of New Hampshire, who became instructor in History and English in the School. Mrs. Hazzen's interests were not confined to music. She shared her husband's enthusiasm for the great literature of the world. Her devotion to the highest and finest things in life, her quiet dignity, and gentle manner, were an inspiration to all whose lives she touched.

Following the death of Mr. Hazzen in 1899, Mrs. Hazzen retired to their former home in Lynn, Mass., where she has since resided.



Scattered Family Notes

The RECORD extends sincere sympathy to Elizabeth Brayton '25 in the loss of her father, who died suddenly in March while on a visit in California. Elizabeth spent a year in California recuperating from illness. In September she entered Illinois Wesleyan University.

The following are teaching in rural schools in Carroll County: Miranda Ramsey '27, Lillian Grimm '27, Lucille Smith '27, Ruth Kingery Noble '23, Dorothy Metz '26, Dorothy Slick '23-'25.

Gertrude Clemens '26 has a secretarial position with a law firm in San Francisco. She lives in Oakland, California.

Ellen Burkhart was graduated from the University of Wisconsin last June. She writes: "I have now joined the noble profession of teaching. I am in the high school at Nashville, Illinois, teaching English and History."

Anita Ely '27 is teaching in the Kindergarten of the Oak Park, Illinois, public schools.

Alice Woodworth, '22-'23, was graduated in June from the School of Speech at Northwestern University.

Jeanne Meredith '25, who was married to Mr. Joseph B. Ryan of Los Angeles at her home in Des Moines on June 1, 1927, is a granddaughter of Mr. Meredith who attended Frances Shimer School in '62.

Stella Grau Norton, '10-'12, is the wife of the successful pastor of the First Baptist Church at Winfield, Kansas. The church recently dedicated a new \$50,000 Sunday School plant.

Dolores Charlton '25 was graduated from Iowa State Teachers' College at Cedar Falls in June and is teaching Physical Education in Savanna this year.

Julia Carr '27 is teaching Mathematics in the Junior High School at Savanna.

Alice King '19 spent the summer at the University of Wisconsin. She is teaching this year at River Forest, Illinois.

Maxine Corbin '23, with a group of friends, visited various countries in Europe during the summer.

Leota Blow '23 was graduated from the University of Chicago in June and has a position in the offices of the Board of Education of Chicago as Vocational Advisor.

Jeanne Boyd's cantata, "The Hunting of the Snark", was presented at the Biennial Convention of the National Federation of Music Clubs held in April.

Sara Finley '27 passed the examinations of the College Entrance Board in June and was admitted to the Freshman Class at Wellesley.

Jean McCloy '25 is at Wells College.

Crete Hamilton, '16-'17, is director of the Hamilton Medical Exchange at Memphis, Tenn. She writes: "I look back on the days at Frances Shimer as the happiest of my whole life, and I know that the friendships I made there will be the most lasting. The girls were all so

good and true, had such high ideals, and were so appreciative of the good in life. I also remember the fair and square stand they all took. I don't believe there was a finer lot of girls any place—not throwing any bouquets at myself, for now I am looking back at them in an impersonal way."

Gertrude Board '97, who teaches in the Penn School for Girls in Philadelphia, was the guest of Mrs. Jessie Hall Miles '87 in Mt. Carroll for several weeks during the summer.

Norma St. Germain '25 has a secretarial position with an insurance company at her home in Kankakee.

Frances Rosenstock, '17-'18, teaches Public School Music at Williston, North Dakota. She served as an instructor in the Teachers' College at Valley City, North Dakota, during the summer session.

Emily Kenworthy Lane, '17-'18, resides in Dubuque, Iowa. She has one son, six years old.

Carolyn Fosdick, '22-'23, was married January 26, 1927, to Mr. John Loch Emery at Crawfordsville, Indiana. Mr. Emery was graduated from Wabash College with the Class of '27.

Katherine Macy, '23-'24, was graduated from the University of Iowa in June and will spend next year at Columbia University working for her M. A. degree.

Leonore Luenzman, ex-Faculty, is teaching Physical Education in the Public Schools of Wauwatosa, Wisconsin.

Dorothy Burke '23 was a candidate for the Bachelor of Science degree at Northwestern University in June. She also served as the Class Prophet at the Class Day exercises.

Nelle Hall '23 sent greetings during the summer from London. She spent several months traveling in Europe, visiting England, France, Switzerland, and Italy.

Carolyn Green '14, and Marjorie Waite '16, visited the School in July. Carolyn has been teaching for three years in Porto Rico and returned there in September. Marjorie has a clerical position in a bank at El Paso, Illinois.

Shirley Deen '23 was married on August 6 to Mr. Charles William Seibel in The Little Church of the Flowers, at Glendale, California.

The RECORD extends sincere sympathy to Clara Ferrenberg Dungan in the sudden death of her husband, Judge Harry S. Dungan of Hastings, Nebraska, while on a vacation in Colorado. Judge Dungan had been prominently identified with the development of Hastings and was an eminent member of the Nebraska bar.

Katherine Berkstresser '18-'19, and ex-Faculty, is teaching in the Teachers' College at Emporia, Kansas.

Dorothy Hill '27 served as Junior Counselor at Pine Knoll Camp at Conway, New Hampshire, during the summer. This fall she is at the Cleveland Kindergarten Training School in Cleveland, Ohio. She writes: "I wish that I were coming back to Shimer this fall. It is the best school

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in the country for girls. All of my twelve shall go there—if they are all girls!”

Elizabeth Carr '26 represented Mount Holyoke College, where she is a Sophomore, at an exhibit of clothes appropriate for college girls held at Marshall Field and Company. Representative girls from leading colleges acted as hostesses on various days and helped solve the problems of girls who are going off to college for the first time.

Janet Miller '24 was graduated from the National Kindergarten College at Evanston in June.

Lola Dynes '21, who has been teaching Domestic Science for several years in the State College at Valley City, N. D., entered the University of Wisconsin in September to study for a Master of Arts degree.

Margaret Anderson '24 visited the School in September, bringing her sister, who entered as an Academy Senior. Margaret is a senior in the University of Wisconsin.

Sophy Perry '25 was back at the School for the opening helping a friend get started in the Junior College. Sophy entered Goucher College in September.

Edna Gillogly '18 is the Librarian in the high school at South Bend, Indiana.

Lois Linebarger '16 and three friends took an American car abroad with them and spent several months touring the British Isles, France, Holland, Belgium, the Rhine Valley, Switzerland, and Italy.

At the marriage of Marjorie Thompson '23 to Mr. Ray Bragg in Chicago on August 14, Leota Blow '23 served as maid of honor and Genevieve Freeman '20 played. Mabel Morris '23 and Elizabeth Kneeland, '22-'23, were also among the guests present.

Marian Crane '22 was graduated from Northwestern University in June.

Hazel Mackay Watson '15 lives in Freeport. She has two daughters, Shirley and Jean, six and two years old, who are already looking forward to Frances Shimer.

Laurel Gillogly '18 returned in September for the eighth year as instructor in Latin in the Central High School at Madison, Wisconsin.

Ruth Miles Miller '18 and her family will spend the year in Iowa City, where her husband is doing graduate work in the Department of Education.

Grace Riddle Moots '20 with her husband and small daughter, Mary Ann, called at the School in August.

Margaret Sayers '21, together with her parents and sister Dorothy, College '27-'28, called at the School in August enroute to their home in Iowa after an auto trip through the East.

The RECORD extends sympathy to the family of Dessie Snyder '26 who died after a brief illness from infantile paralysis on September 21. She was a young woman of intellectual ability above the average, and of much beauty and strength of character.

Dorothy Jane Parker '25 was graduated from Columbia University

in June and is now instructor in Physical Education in the Michigan State College at Lansing, Michigan.

Mary Payne '05 returned for the twelfth year as instructor in Mathematics at Oak Park High School.

Mrs. Nellie Graham George '79 died at her home, 1950 Summit Avenue, St. Paul, on September 29. As a mark of loyalty and affection for her Alma Mater Mrs. George bequeathed \$5,000 to the School.

Gladys Wardwell, ex-Faculty, visited at the School in September en route to Florida, where she will teach in The Cathedral School at Orlando.

Rena Eckern Melgaard '00 writes from her home in Oakland, California: "We came down here out of the frozen north country (Minnesota) two years ago. Mr. Melgaard is with the Oakland Audit Bureau and I am conducting a very quaint antique gift shop. My oldest son graduated two years ago from Annapolis and is now an officer in the Navy stationed in China. My daughter is a Junior at Stanford University and my younger son a Freshman at the same institution.

Emma Watkins, ex-Faculty, has a position in the office of the Treasurer of Hastings College in Nebraska.

Beth Hower '27 is attending the MacPhail School of Music in Minneapolis, and has a part-time position as teacher of Music in the Public Schools.

Jessie Campbell '07 sailed in October for the Hawaiian Islands, where she will spend the winter in Honolulu with Helen Strickler '10, who is teaching there.

Since her graduation from Vassar in 1926, Charlotte Hageman '22 has been in the Erskine School in Boston and has been doing graduate work in Radcliffe College, from where she is expecting to receive the M. A. degree in June in the department of English.

Martha Barnhart Hoffman '26 is living in Tuscaloosa, Alabama, where her husband is teaching in the State University.

Marion Le Bron Pigman, '17-'18, is living in New York City, where her husband is Development Engineer for the American Water and Electric Works. Mrs. Pigman is a regular contributor to John Martin's Book, the well-known magazine for children.

Nellie Foster '97 is teaching Music in the State School at Lancaster, Mass.

Irene Grant, '10-'13, has charge of the occupational therapy work in Muirdale Sanitorium at Wauwatosa, Wisconsin.

Muriel Smith '13 has a secretarial position in the office of the Illinois Bell Telephone Company in Chicago.

Marriages

Ruth Fulmer '27 to Mr. Thomas A. Kimberlin, Jr., on Saturday, June 25, at Mishawaka, Indiana. At home, Indianapolis, Indiana.

Eliza Stewart '27 to Mr. B. Gray Warner on June 18, 1927, at Waukegan, Illinois. At home 7450 Greenwood Avenue, Chicago, Illinois.

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Shirley Deen '23 to Mr. Chas. William Seibel, on August 6, 1927, at Glendale, California.

Emogene Chapman, '25-'26, to Mr. Victor E. Loufek, on July 25, 1927, at Davenport, Iowa.

Myra Willsey '24 to Mr. Merle Eugene Smith on September 17, 1927, at Iowa City, Iowa. At home 1309 Oak Avenue, Evanston, Illinois.

Margaret Chamberlain, ex-Faculty, to Mr. Miles S. Masters on August 31, 1927, at Granville, Ohio.

Helen Mary Fields '24 to Mr. Joseph E. Zeman on September 7, 1927, at Chicago. At home 1733 Juneway Terrace, Chicago.

Agnes Reeves '26 to Mr. Clifford Goring Colville on Sept. 24, 1927, at Chicago.

Florence Rice '24 to Mr. Emile Owen Bloche on July 26, 1927, at Chicago.

Clara Fulscher, '18-'19, to Mr. Edwin Mather Duval, on August 30, 1927, at Holyoke, Colorado. At home 1151 Gaylord Street, Denver, Colorado.

Muriel Martin '25 to Mr. Raymond Walter Sibbert on June 15, 1927, at Clinton, Iowa.

Marjorie Thompson '23 to Mr. Raymond R. Bragg on August 14, 1927, at Chicago.

Harriet Wilson, ex-Faculty, to Mr. J. W. Hollywood Monaweck on August 20, 1927, at Bay View, Michigan.

Margaret Sayers '21 to Dr. Willis Marion Fowler on August 20, 1927, at Jefferson, Iowa. At home, Detroit, Michigan.

Helen Lucille Miller '21 to Mr. Daniel Andrew Branigan on June 12, 1927, at Lanark, Illinois.

Mabelle Mest '23 to Mr. Albert Greison on October 7, 1927, at Chicago, Illinois. At home, Savanna, Illinois.

Cleo Lamb, ex-Faculty, to Mr. Virgil J. Banter on October 8, 1927, Ridott, Illinois. At home after November 1, Elizabeth, Illinois.

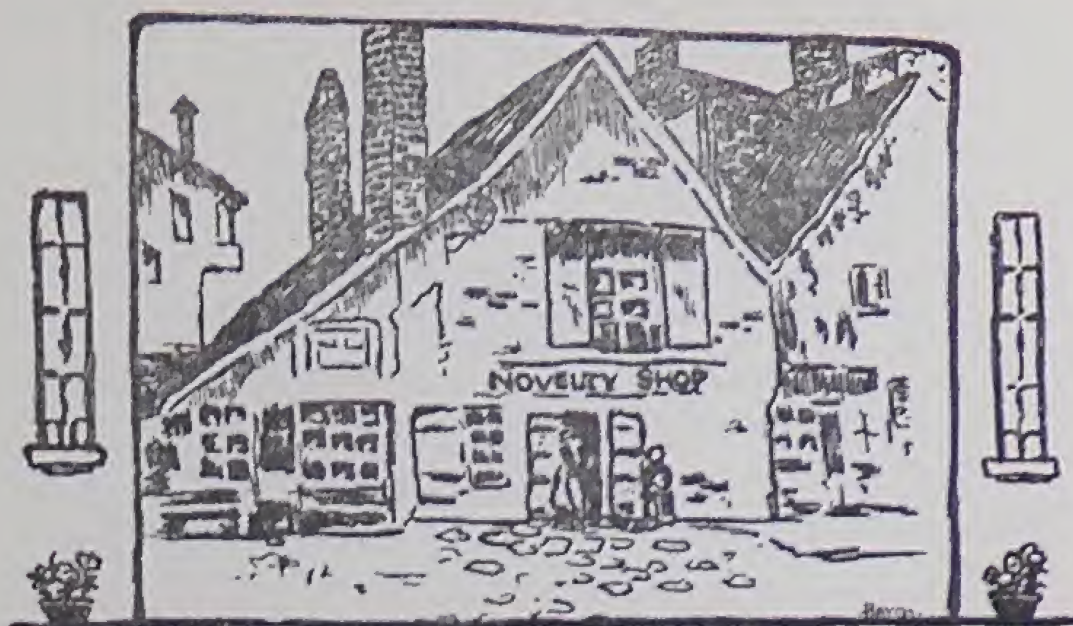
Margaret Wilder '26 to Mr. Fred Swope Trudeau on June 8, at Rifle, Colorado. At home, Rico, Colorado.

Births

To Mr. and Mrs. Ralph Deering (Miss Bean, ex-Faculty) a daughter, Lois Ann, September 23, 1927, Bridgeton, Maine.

To Mr. and Mrs. H. Harper McKee (Mabel Hughes '15) a daughter, Margaret Sarah, on October 21, 1927, at Forest Hills, Long Island, New York.

To Mr. and Mrs. Morris Burt (Wanda Evans, College '22) a son, David Evans Burt, September 10, 1927, at Concord, California.



Grandpa Le Munyon: "Evelyn, how about a ride on a merry-go-round?"

Teddy: "Naw, I've been around."

Lourie: "What makes your legs so long?"

Mearns: "That is so they can reach from me to the ground."

Pete: "I ran into one of our classmates this summer."

Dolly: "What did you do?"

Pete: "Took her to the hospital."

For father, week ending is sending.

For mother, week ending is mending.

For daughter, week-ending is spending.

For roommate, week ending is lending.

What's wrong with these pictures?:

"Felix" wrapped in a Spanish shawl, her hair combed high and adorned with a huge shell comb.

"Abbey" being the first one any place, any time.

Beardsley with a red tam hanging on the back of her head.

"Hefty" in a pair of plaid knickers.

Heard in Frances Shimer School's private telephone booths—

She: "Who is this?"

Other end of the wire: "This is Boo."

She: "Boo who?"

Other end of the wire: "Don't cry, little girl! I'll come to the prom."

Bill Edwards: What is the most supreme thrill you can think of?
Reine Baker: The electric chair.

Heard repeated in Miss Emerson's history class—
"Isn't that just too killing?" remarked Queen Guinivere as she watched two knights duelling.

Imagine the anguish of the Scotch parent who was unable to see any change in his son after the latter had swallowed a quarter.

Nit.—I don't understand why such peculiar phrases were attached to men's names, for example, Richard the Lion-hearted, and William the Silent.

Wit.—Lion-hearted meant that Richard was a strong, brave man; Silent was put on William's name because he was married five times.

Widow's inscription on a tombstone—"Rest in Peace, until we meet again."

Student—"What is good for my roommate's fallen arches?"

Mrs. Sweatt—"Rubber heels."

Student—"What'll I rub them with?"

I'M A GOOD GIRL

I bet that you did never see
A little girl so good as me.
I go to sleep at half past nine,
And always get to meals on time.

I never get a "please see me",
And never drink at coffee or tea.
I get all my lessons before half past eight,
And *never never* keep lights on too late.

I do things that always are all right,
And I don't answer questions with "Oh yes I might".
I'm always so cheerful and just love to play.
And I'm patient with those who don't see things my way.

I do all my work while I'm singing a song.
And each day I try to right some one's wrong.
My Muvver tells me 'tis the right thing to do
To make the world better first 'cause o' you.

Now some people think that I'm too good,
But if they knew me they sure never would,
So now please, dear people, don't be so forlorn
'Cause this little "me" has never been born.

—Bernice Edwards, College '28.

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